

Austen, ' was like life in a pantomime or Eastern tale of enchantment.'

To Edward Lytton Bulwer.

CONSTANTINOPI/E,
Dec. 27,
1830.

I confess to you that my Turkish prejudices are very much confirmed by my residence in Turkey. The life of this people greatly accords with my taste, which is naturally somewhat indolent and melancholy. And I do not think it would disgust you. To repose on voluptuous ottomans and smoke superb pipes, daily to indulge in the luxuries of a bath which requires half a dozen attendants for its perfection; to court the air in a carved caïque, by shores which are a perpetual scene; and to find no exertion greater than a canter on a barb; this is, I think, a far more sensible life than all the bustle of clubs, all the boring of drawing-rooms, and all the coarse vulgarity of our political controversies. And all this, I assure you, is, without any coloring or exaggeration, the life which may be here commanded. A life accompanied by a thousand sources of calm enjoyment, and a thousand modes of mellowed pleasure, which it would weary you to relate, and which I leave to your own lively imagination.

I mend slowly, but mend. The seasons have greatly favoured me. Continual heat. And even here, where the winter is proverbially cold, there is a summer sky.¹

At the beginning of the year Meredith had parted from ' his amusing but idle,' companions and gone overland to Smyrna, and a fortnight later Disraeli and Clay sailed in the ' Snsan' for the same place. There they found their companion intent on an expedition to ' the unseen relics of some nnheard-of cock-and-a-bull city,' and as Disraeli was bent on a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre, lie and Clay continued their voyage to the south.

To Sarah Disraeli.

We found ourselves again in an archipelago — the Sporades — and tried to make Rhodes; but a contrary wind, although we were off it for two days, prevented us. After some days

¹ *Life of Bulwer*, II, p. 323.